5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

576 across the door from the last smoker. This man smokes
276 and passes it to the one on his left, and so it goes on until it reaches the host again. A person entering a lodge where people are smoking must not pass in front of them, that is, between the smokers and the fire.

626 A solemn form of affirmation, the equivalent of the civil-
276 ized oath, is connected with smoking, which, as is well known,
782 is with many tribes of Indians a sacred ceremony. If a man sitting in a lodge tells his companions some very improbable story, something that they find it very hard to believe, and they want to test him, to see if he is really telling the truth, the pipe is given to a medicine man, who paints the stem red and prays over it, asking that if the man's story is true he may have long life, but if it is false his life may end in a short time. The pipe is then filled and lighted, and passed to the man, who has seen and overheard what has been done and said. The medicine man says to him: "Accept this pipe, but remember that, if you smoke, your story must be as sure as that there is a hole through this pipe, and as straight as the hole through this stem. So your life shall be long and you shall survive, but if you have spoken falsely your days are counted." The man may refuse the pipe, saying, "I have told you the truth; it is useless to smoke this pipe." If he declines to smoke, no one believes what he has said; he is looked upon as having lied. If, however, he takes the pipe and smokes, every one believes him. It is the most solemn form of oath. The Blackfoot pipes are usually made of black or green slate or sandstone.

●861 The Blackfeet do not whip their children, but still they are not without some training. Children must be taught, or they will not know anything; if they do not know anything, they will have no sense; and if they have no sense they will not know how to act. They are instructed in manners, as well as in other more general and more important matters.

[867] If a number of boys were in a lodge where older people

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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were sitting, very likely the young people would be talking and laughing about their own concerns, and making so much noise that the elders could say nothing. If this continued too long, one of the older men would be likely to get up and go out and get a long stick and bring it in with him. When he had seated himself, he would hold it up, so that the children could see it and would repeat a cautionary formula, "I will give you gum!" This was a warning to them to make less noise, and was always heeded — for a time. After a little, however, the boys might forget and begin to chatter again, and presently the man, without further warning, would reach over and rap one of them on the head with the stick, when quiet would again be had for a time.

In the same way, in winter, when the lodge was full of old and young people, and through lack of attention the fire died down, some older person would call out, "Look out for the skunk!" which would be a warning to the boys to put some sticks on the fire. If this was not done at once, the man who had called out might throw a stick of wood across the lodge into the group of children, hitting and hurting one or more of them. It was taught also that, if, when young and old were in the lodge and the fire had burned low, an older person were to lay the unburned ends of the sticks upon the fire, all the children in the lodge would have the scab, or itch. So, at the call "Look out for the scab!" some child would always jump to the fire, and lay up the sticks.

There were various ways of teaching and training the children. Men would make long speeches to groups of boys, playing in the camps, telling them what they ought to do to be successful in life. They would point out to them that to accomplish anything they must be brave and untiring in war; that long life was not desirable; that the old people always had a hard time, were given the worst side of the lodge and generally neglected; that when the camp was moved they suffered from cold; that their sight was dim, so

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

867 that they could not see far; that their teeth were gone, so that
861 they could not chew their food. Only discomfort and misery
[888] await the old. Much better, while the body is strong and in its prime, while the sight is clear, the teeth sound, and the hair still black and long, to die in battle fighting bravely. The example of successful warriors would be held up to them, and the boys urged to emulate their brave deeds. To such advice some boys would listen, while others would not heed it.

[577] The girls also were instructed. All Indians like to see women more or less sober and serious-minded, not giggling all the time, not silly. A Blackfoot man who had
[237] two or three girls would, as they grew large, often talk to them and give them good advice. After watching them, and taking the measure of their characters, he would one day get a buffalo's front foot and ornament it fantastically with feathers. When the time came, he would call one of his daughters to him and say to her: "Now I wish you to stand here in front of me and look me straight in the eye without laughing. No matter what I may do, do not laugh." Then he would sing a funny song, shaking the foot in the girl's face in time to the song, and looking her steadily in the eye. Very likely before he had finished, she would begin to giggle. If she did this, the father would stop singing and tell her to finish laughing; and when she was serious again, he would again warn her not to laugh, and then would repeat his song. This time perhaps she would not laugh while he was singing. He would go through with this same performance before all his daughters. To such as seemed to have the steadiest characters, he would give good advice. He would talk to each girl of the duties of a woman's life and warn her against the dangers which she might expect to meet.

At the time of the Medicine Lodge, he would take her to the lodge and point out to her the Medicine Lodge woman.

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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He would say: "There is a good woman. She has built this Medicine Lodge, and is greatly honored and respected by all the people. Once she was a girl just like you; and you, if you are good and live a pure life, may some day be as great as she is now. Remember this, and try to live a worthy life."

At the time of the Medicine Lodge, the boys in the camp also gathered to see the young men count their *coups*. A man would get up, holding in one hand a bundle of small sticks, and, taking one stick from the bundle, he would recount some brave deed, throwing away a stick as he completed the narrative of each *coup*, until the sticks were all gone, when he sat down, and another man stood up to begin his recital. As the boys saw and heard all this, and saw how respected those men were who had done the most and bravest things, they said to themselves, "That man was once a boy like us, and we, if we have strong hearts, may do as much as he has done." So even the very small boys used often to steal off from the camp, and follow war parties. Often they went without the knowledge of their parents, and poorly provided, without food or extra moccasins. They would get to the enemy's camp, watch the ways of the young men, and so learn about going to war, how to act when on the war trail so as to be successful. Also they came to know the country.

The Blackfeet men often went off by themselves to fast and dream for power. By no means every one did this, and, of those who attempted it, only a few endured to the end, — that is, fasted the whole four days, — and obtained the help sought. The attempt was not usually made by young boys before they had gone on their first war journey. It was often undertaken by men who were quite mature. Those who underwent this suffering were obliged to abstain from food or drink for four days and four nights, resting for two nights on the right side, and for two nights on the left. It

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Although a woman, all her life, was subject to some one's orders, either parent, relative, or husband, a man from his earliest childhood was free and independent. His father would not punish him for any misconduct, his mother dared not. At an early age he was taught to ride and shoot, and horses were given to him. By the time he was twelve, he had probably been on a war expedition or two. As a rule in later times, young men married when they were seventeen or eighteen years of age; and often they resided for several years with their fathers, until the family became so large that there was not room for them all in the lodge.

There were always in the camp a number of boys, orphans, who became the servants of wealthy men for a consideration; that is, they looked after their patron's horses and hunted, and in return they were provided with suitable food and clothing.

Among the Blackfeet, all men were free and equal, and office was not hereditary. Formerly each gens was governed by a chief, who was entitled to his office by virtue of his bravery and generosity. The head chief was chosen by the chiefs of the gentes from their own number, and was usually the one who could show the best record in war, as proved at the Medicine Lodge,[1] at which time he was elected; and for the ensuing year he was invested with the supreme power. But no matter how brave a man might have been, or how successful in war, he could not hope to be the chief either of a gens or of the tribe, unless he was kind-hearted, and willing to share his prosperity with the poor. For this reason, a chief was never a wealthy man, for what he acquired with one hand he gave away with the other. It was he who decided when the people should move camp, and where they should go. But in this, as in all other important affairs, he generally asked the advice of the minor chiefs.

The *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi* (All Comrades) were directly under

[1] See chapter on Religion.

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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Indians. On special occasions, as has been said, men counted over again in public their *coups*. This served to gratify personal vanity, and also to incite the young men to the performance of similar brave deeds. Besides this, they often made a more enduring record of these acts, by reproducing them pictographically on robes, cowskins, and other hides. There is now in my possession an illuminated cowskin, presented to me by Mr. J. Kipp, which contains the record of the *coups* and the most striking events in the life of Red Crane, a Blackfoot warrior, painted by himself. These pictographs are very rude and are drawn after the style common among Plains Indians, but no doubt they were sufficiently lifelike to call up to the mind of the artist each detail of the stirring events which they record.

The Indian warrior who stood up to relate some brave deed which he had performed was almost always in a position to prove the truth of his statements. Either he had the enemy's scalp, or some trophy captured from him, to produce as evidence, or else he had a witness of his feat in some companion. A man seldom boasted of any deed unless he was able to prove his story, and false statements about exploits against the enemy were most unusual. Temporary peace was often made between tribes usually at war, and, at the friendly meetings which took place during such times of peace, former battles were talked over, the performances of various individuals discussed, and the acts of particular men in the different fights commented on. In this way, if any man had falsely claimed to have done brave deeds, he would be detected.

An example of this occurred many years ago among the Cheyennes. At that time, there was a celebrated chief of the Skidi tribe of the Pawnee Nation whose name was Big Eagle. He was very brave, and the Cheyennes greatly feared him, and it was agreed among them that the man who could count *coup* on Big Eagle should be made war

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Membership in one or more of these organizations created loyalties that cut across the ties of kinship and band affiliation, and helped to contribute to tribal solidarity. In other words, a person identified first with his kinsmen and with his band, but later established additional and potentially conflicting ties of loyalty by marrying someone from another band and by membership in a society that drew its members from many bands.

Band and tribal leadership was not inherited but open to all who could command a following. A band headman gained a position of influence by displaying the qualities (see below) valued in his society and by his continued exercise of these attributes. His influence depended upon his power to persuade others, and the support of many followers increased this ability. He conferred with family heads and all decisions were reached by mutual agreement.

Band leaders formed a council during the tribal encampment and one of them, by election or selection, came to be considered the chief of the tribe. The chief had no institutionalized authority and little disciplining power. His chiefly functions were to guide the council to agreement and to mediate in cases of conflict and uncertainty.

There were no formalized institutions for social control except for the policing duties of the associations under special regulations put into effect at the summer encampment. Conflict was first of all a matter between individuals, then a concern of the families and finally of the bands. The delinquent person was cautioned, ridiculed, gossiped about, and shamed into conformity. Ostracism and violence were the ultimate penalties within the band, but usually gossip and shame served to restore order. Boys and girls growing up in Piegan society were urged to achieve the ideals of that society. Boys were told to be brave, to be good fighters, able to defend themselves against their peers and to protect younger children. They were praised for skills and daring, even for sexual exploits. Girls were urged to be quiet, dutiful, sober, hard-working, and to protect their virginity.[7] Both were rewarded with praise when they achieved, and punished with sarcasm and gossiped about when they misbehaved or failed. These sanctions contributed to a developing concern with their own identity and to a strong sense of shame, and such concerns in turn gave added force to these mechanisms of social control. Gossip and shame were also used to curb intratribal conflicts among adults. A cluster of tepees made an ideal setting for effective ridicule. Wissler (1911:24) describes a process of "formal ridicule" that was used to curb "mild persistent misconduct." When the people were quietly settled in of an evening, a headman would call out to a neighbor asking him if he had heard about that silly fellow two tepees down who had been mistreating his wife? Men in other tepees would join in telling what they thought of the man and his behavior, all to the discomfort of the victim and the enjoyment of everyone else. Sarcasm, ridicule, and the accompanying laughter, added up to an evening of entertainment for all but the victim, who was soon highly motivated to mend his ways.

[7] The double standard in ideal sexual relations set up some strains; in order for one sex to achieve the other had to fall short of the ideal. I gather from the literature that there was a mix of failure and success in the attainment of these ideals on the part of both boys and girls (Ewers 1958:98).

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Values of the Indian-Oriented Group

183 177 The characteristics valued by the traditional Blackfeet, mentioned in Chapter 3, still persist in attenuated form. The changing conditions of life have required, however, that new avenues for their expression be found. At first glance such things as bravery, skill, wisdom, and generosity appear to be characteristics that would be valued by the average American. In order to understand how Indian-oriented and white-oriented definitions of these differ, it is necessary to recognize that since the life goals of the two groups are not the same, the premises from which value judgments are made are not the same.

The white-oriented values were seen to be consistent with the national economy and culture, and sufficiently integrated with these to be both vehicles to individual prestige and expressions of national goals. White Americans and white-oriented Blackfeet work toward their own and the nation's security, and to build a better future for their children.

As was shown in Chapter 4, the Indians had little choice but to accept the economic system of the dominant society and were pressed to accept the white values that went with it. To date the Indian-oriented, in general, have experienced little economic success and, perhaps because of this, have not adopted the values. In turn, the persistence of traditional values has contributed, in part, to this lack of economic success. This will be examined later. It is assumed that the present values of the Indian-oriented are the result of both persistence of traditional traits and new interpretations of these developed during the attempts at economic readaptation.

183 177 186 Because the Indian-oriented have developed no expectancy of success in the white man's economy, they have become neither imbued with the associated values nor committed fully to white goals. Instead they appear to have made more explicit what was once an implicit life goal of Indian society—to retain their ethnic identity. I make this inference from statements about "keeping the old ways alive," "showing the young people the things from the past," and from the attachment people show to bundles, regalia, doing Indian craft and art work, and other "Indian" symbols. The major common goal, hence a prime value, of the Indian-oriented society is to be *Indian*, and the present value judgments can be understood best as they relate to this goal. To illustrate this relationship, values are isolated that in reality are intricately interdependent.

183 177 *Individualism*, a valued characteristic in the old culture, is highly valued today. The Indian is concerned with individual achievement, social acceptance, increased prestige, and higher status, interests he shares with the white-oriented, but the expression of these values by individuals of the two orientations differs in light of their separate goals.

183 855 858 [861] The differences show up clearly in the way that Indian-oriented parents tend to treat their children. Ideally, children are seen as little individuals whose rights and wishes should be respected. They should be guided and directed, but not forced into doing things. Indian parents think that white people are being cruel when they spank their children; teasing and ridicule are acceptable corrections.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

701 the Crow. White Quiver vowed vengeance against that tribe. In later years he led many raids on their horse herds. White Quiver started going on war parties while still a boy. He grew to be a tall, strong man of remarkable physical stamina, who could ride 3 days and nights without food while driving captured horses homeward from an enemy camp. Rides-at-the-Door, who went on eight horse raids under White Quiver's leadership, remembered him as a generous, easy-going, fun-loving man. He described White Quiver's appearance as "tall, very dark, and ugly." The Crow Indians, who suffered most from his thievery, dubbed him "the big Negro." Crow mothers are said to [861] have disciplined their crying children by saying, "Keep quiet. The big Negro is out there. He will get you if you don't stop crying."

White Quiver told Rides-at-the-Door he had gone to the enemy 40 times to steal horses, yet his career as a horse raider ended before he was 30 years of age. He raided the Crow more than any other tribe. Superintendent Campbell claimed White Quiver had made 11 trips to the Crow and each time came home with horses. He also took horses from the Gros Ventres, Cree, Assiniboin, and Sioux. White Quiver considered the Flathead his friends. Informants could recall 15 distinct raids led by White Quiver.

701 White Quiver's war medicine was a plume from the medicine pipe
714 bundle owned by Under Bull, and known as the Arapaho pipe. In the
718 1940's this medicine pipe bundle was owned by my interpreter, Reuben Black Boy (pl. 11, *a*, *right*). When White Quiver returned with horses he usually gave one or more of them to Under Bull.

701 White Quiver's tactics were unorthodox but extremely successful.
726 Usually he traveled to the enemy on horseback rather than on foot. (Rides-at-the-Door said every time he accompanied White Quiver on a raid he went mounted.) White Quiver was always the party leader and insisted on taking the greatest risks himself. Often he left the others of his party in a secluded spot some distance from the enemy camp, entered the camp alone, and brought horses out to them. Rather than follow the usual Piegan practice of taking horses at night or at daybreak, White Quiver preferred to boldly walk into the enemy camp
701 at dusk, just as the people were settling down for the night. When he
727 brought horses out he told each member of the party to take a good one to ride. When a stop was made on the return journey, he told each man he might keep the horse he was riding. Then he distributed the driven horses equally among the party members.

701 White Quiver's war parties generally were small ones. Informants could recall only 2 parties led by him which numbered more than 11 men. One of these raids was against the Sioux, on which 30 men killed all the enemy of 5 lodges and took all their horses. The other, comprising 17 men, was a raid on the Gros Ventres during which the

A P [See category 701, p. 358-J--Analyst]

"What will they think at home? Here I went mourning and I come back smelling so pretty."

All my children were nursed with my own milk. Now you take all these children that were not natural nursed—they were raised on all kinds of milk, and they don't know how to listen and they have no pity on their fellow men. . . . If my children don't listen to me I used to just grab them and give them a good whipping. I have whipped my grandchildren, too. But since the time one of them died, in an accident away from home, I have pitied the rest and I don't whip them anymore.

I was raised around a tipi, and I have used one for most of my camping life. When we quit camping in a tipi then we started to use a wall tent, because we were too old to handle the tipi poles. My husband always used to invite a lot of people to our camp. If he saw some visitor walking around he would tell me: "There are some people who have just arrived, you had better cook for them." Someone would be sent to invite them, and then they would be fed. I used to get a lot of visiting relatives from the Blackfeet in Montana. My grandfather took one of his wives from there, and she had a lot of relations. But most of them are dead now.

Something funny happened to me one of those times that my husband invited guests. I was always rushing around to get all my work done. I had a big wooden box in which I kept all my foodstuffs when we were camping. This time I took out a big bunch of eggs and set them down. Then I did some other work, and by the time I turned back to cook I forgot about the eggs. I sat down on them, and all of a sudden I felt something very sticky under me. I jumped up and my children all started laughing. They said. "Mother, your rear end is just yellow from all the eggs you sat on." I had to change all my clothes in a hurry, while my children just kept on laughing and giggling. Finally I told them to quit laughing and help set the table for our guests.

since our grandfather lived to be ninety-seven. 000

My grandmothers have always been close to their grandchildren even to this day. It is common for the grandparents 603 to keep one of their grandchildren and raise it. One of our sons is living with my parents in this way. He and my father were both born on the same day, January 9, and they both have the same first name, Edward. Traditional closeness between elders and grandchildren gave kids an exposure to the same values their parents were raised by. It also gave kids a 603 lot of attention, which many modern children seem to be 855 sadly lacking. If the mother and father of a crying child were busy, there was usually a grandmother or grandfather nearby who would find out what was wrong. As a result, it is not our [861] custom to spank children, although it was occasionally done. This extra attention helps to explain how parents handled half a dozen or more small children inside their crowded tipis on long cold winter days and nights. The elders told stories, played games, and otherwise helped to occupy the minds of the children.

When I was young I used to take my little brother to the 604 home of my father's uncle, because his wife would tell us old-time stories. She was a real good storyteller, and we didn't mind walking several miles across the prairie to visit her as well as our cousins there. She would keep us entertained for hours. I can just imagine how it would have been if we had still been living in our old-time tipi camps, with aunts and uncles and grandparents all within short walking distance.

Old widows who were alone in the past were often given 768 an orphaned child by some relative. Any small child that lost 589 its mother was taken over by a relative, usually the grandmother. My grandmother's first husband, Joe Beebe, was 768 raised in this way. His mother died during childbirth, so her 603 mother raised him. This old lady would take him around to [853]

high horn on the traditional-style woman's saddle. If the mother was doing work around her camp she would hook the strap to some tree branch, where the baby could sleep in the shade. 854

Inside the tipi, or house, my grandmothers made little hammocks to keep their babies out of the way. I used this method with my kids. I tied two parallel cords to adjoining walls so that they hung down like a garden swing. Then I folded a blanket back and forth between the two cords so that it looked like a miniature hammock. You could make it more simple by taking a rectangular piece of canvas and hemming the two long sides so that you can run a cord through each hem. Then tie the cord ends to walls. In a tipi you tie the cords from one tipi pole to another.

The baby is placed inside this little hammock while laced in its moss bag. I usually put a stick across the two sides of the hammock, to spread it out and make sure there is enough breathing room. I try to tie the hammock over my bed, in case it should ever fall down. Also, I take it down at night and let the baby sleep with me or in its own bed. It isn't in my way during the nighttime, and my grandmothers say that bad spirits sometimes come down the tipi poles in the night and try to take babies away. Many times I have quieted screaming babies by putting them in the hammock and swinging it until they fell asleep.

About the time a baby becomes a toddler it is given the first lessons in respect. Every family used to have an altar in their tipi, and the kids had to be taught from the start not to play around it. Parents preferred to frighten their kids away from bad habits rather than spank them. They might get their kids to become scared of furry objects. Whenever the toddler would try to get into something it wasn't supposed to, the mother would put a piece of fur over it and the kid would stay back out of fear. 859 861

When children got to the age where they could understand 861

861 some things, the parents would always tell them things like: "Don't go away from the tipi or the wolf will come and take you." They said: "Don't go around at night because that's when the ghosts are out and they will come for you." Things 855 like this kept the little kids right close to home. If the mother had to go somewhere on foot, she would carry along her toddler wrapped in a blanket and worn on her back. Compared to modern mothers, my grandmothers really indulged in their children. The kids grew up in the midst of the daily household, so they learned family values and customs naturally.

867 My grandmother told me the following story about her childhood:

"I was the youngest of my mother's children. She wanted us to grow old, so she encouraged us to follow her advice. She taught us from the start to respect old people. Because my father was a medicine man we had a lot of old people as visi- 867 tors. Sometimes my mother would give me a piece of meat and tell me, 'Go ask that old lady to chew your food for you.' 264 This would be some special old lady—one with a lot of 888 power to doctor or put up Sun Dances. She would chew my meat and then give it to me to swallow. This was a blessing 867 for me, just like getting part of her life. Whenever we had any spare change we were taught to give it to old people like that.

"Because a lot of holy people always came to visit my 869 father we were taught not to fool around near them. These 784 people who have spiritual powers are required to follow a lot of rules. We were never allowed to pass in front of them, especially if they were smoking. These were the rules and we [302 never thought to question them. My father painted his chil- [782 dren and his grandchildren, and he prayed for them, so that no harm would come to them in case they passed in front of him accidentally or did something else against the rules.

"If the children of a household didn't behave then the mother or father might go and get some old man or old lady to come and give them a lecture. If the kids were still acting bad that old person would just pull out an awl and pierce their ears right then. That worked very well in teaching kids a lesson.

"In my young days all the kids had their ears pierced for earrings, anyway—boys and girls. Usually this was done by some old lady, when we were still babies. Round pieces of shell were the most popular kind of earring decoration among us Bloods."

Because we spend a lot of time with our elders, my kids have learned from the start to have respect. Even today we get old people in our home who have certain rules that must be followed around them. When our grandfather was around, for instance, everyone had to stay seated while he was eating his food. The kids enjoy having the old people around because they get to hear a lot of stories and songs. Some of the children's songs have silly sayings in them, such as: "Magpie, magpie, go before me and stab your bag by the door"; or "Gopher, gopher, with bouncing breasts; with bouncing breasts; with bouncing breasts."

Sometimes the old person gets the kids to play a game, like pinching the tops of each other's hands and holding on to them until there is a big pile of hands. The first one that lets go gets tickled from the rest. The songs are called lullaby songs, and mothers used to sing them to their babies to put them to sleep. Kind of a scary one had these words: "Wolf, wolf, come eat this baby that won't go to sleep."

Little kids used to be left to play together, and in the summer they often went naked. But as soon as they got old enough to know the difference between boys and girls, they were separated. From then on the girls were watched carefully by their mothers and aunts, and no boys were allowed

Outside it was dusk. We could hear a few kids still playing. Their voices seemed distant, even though only a thin layer of canvas separated us from their vast outdoor playground. Here and there a dog barked, and from the nearby brush we could hear the whinny of a horse. A mother called for her children to come home and get ready for bed. Then we heard the voice of old Mokakin. He called out for all to hear: 857 861

"All of you children who are still playing around the camp, all of you young people, hear me! This is a holy camp, and the older people wish to pray now. They will be praying that all of you will live good lives and reach old age. You must help them by going to your homes and keeping quiet for the rest of the night. Tomorrow will be another day for playing and visiting with your friends. Mothers and fathers, see that your children are at home now, so that they will disturb no one in the camp." [782]

Mokakin slowly walked around the camp circle while he talked. He was headed for the west side of the camp, toward Sun. He stayed close to the tipis, so that everyone could clearly hear his words. He was the main camp crier, often called upon to make announcements for others. [203]

Slowly Mokakin made his way back to our side of the circle. He was wearing his very old Hudson's Bay point blanket, the kind with one black stripe instead of several colored ones. The blanket was wrapped around his body, over his left shoulder and under his right arm, allowing it to hang free. This arm he waved in the air, making gestures to support his words. He came to the door of our lodge and coughed lightly, letting us know that he was about to enter. From the reflection of the fire on our tipi's walls he knew that we were still up. He did not know that we had been watching him through the small opening. Quickly, we rushed back to our seats and waited for his entrance. One of the many rules of respect shown to Medicine Pipe Bundles is that the Keepers must never call out to anyone from 791 201 778 784

mainder of the daylight time, the Chief worked on his eagle-bone whistle and I typed. 122

Jim came home, fishless, at suppertime, and shortly after supper Paul and his crew came straggling in, looking starved as usual, so I fed them. That kid is a brat. This permissive attitude which Indians exhibit toward their young—I have never seen an Indian child punished—may be fine for building feelings of security, etc., but I think that it has undesirable fringe effects. Paul's kid needs discipline, and from me he gets it. I don't hesitate to reprimand the little B., and he minds me, too. [861] [123]

We arrived at Earl's place shortly after dark. Paul said that he would walk from there. Earl and family were crowded around the television set watching the Miss America pageant, and Earl, after having asked me to come down to do some recording, now proclaimed very superciliously that he was not in a mood to record. This is the third time that he has pulled something like this, and he just struck out. Someone once said, "The only time you can be nice to some people is when you are picking them up again after you have knocked them down," but I have trouble keeping this irrefutable fact in mind. Earl and his sermon about Christian living! I know quite a few good Christians, but very few of them are preachers. 122 123

Actually, though, my annoyance with Earl was ephemeral because I think I understand Earl pretty well. He is not the most erudite person in the world, but he is probably the closest thing to an intellectual to be found among the Blackfoot full-bloods, and it is to persons such as Earl that the Blackfoots must look for leadership. The transition from braids to book law is not an easy one, and somewhere in between there is almost certain to appear a measure of bravado. [156]

Paul and company shortly came pounding on the door, rescuing me from an awkward and infuriating situation. Paul's relatives were not at home, and he asked me to drive him to the home of Phillip, his brother. I agreed. 122

So off into the dark wet night we went, back up the road past the ranch, way out to Kiowa Camp Road. On Kiowa we turned left, crossed the bridge over the creek, and drove a couple of miles along the main road. Then, as we were passing a double-track that cut off to the left again, Paul, who was riding co-pilot, turned to me and said reproachfully, "You was suppose turned off back there." So I turned around and took the double-track, and what a wild ride it was! There is a lot of unfenced land in Montana—immense stretches of open prairie—and after fifteen minutes of following the wagon-

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

122 538 about the Chief's early life, I learned instead why it is that so many ethnologists and anthropologists are a bit buggy.

THE TIME I CUT THE SUN DANCE POLE

159 555 The Chief's next story consisted of the following statement:

> At the time I was chosen to cut the centerpole for the Medicine Lodge at the Sun Dance [a very great honor, granted only to warriors of outstanding achievement] I recited the following war honors:
>
> I took the scalp of a Cree.
>
> I stole all the horses of Little Shield, a Gros Ventre, and brought them back to Canada. [Not to be confused with the Blackfoot war chief named Little Shield.]
>
> I shot a horse from under Night Eagle, a Chippewa chief.
>
> One of our men got left behind during a war party against the Crows, and I went back and saved his life.

The maddening aspect of this little narrative was that any one of these events, if told in detail, would undoubtedly be a much better story than the others the Chief told me tonight. But he did not elaborate upon these achievements, and I dared not ask him to.

538 [829] [126] The Chief, as always, was obviously more interested in reciting the old traditional Blackfoot tales than in telling of his personal adventures; he is saddened by the fact that very few of today's Blackfoot youngsters display even the faintest interest in the old legends, and he wants me to record them so that they will not be lost to future generations. During the evening he remarked that the man who is "buying stories" around town is not getting anything for his money but a bunch of tall tales. I believe this, because the Chief and Chewing Black Bones, a Piegan nearly as old as the Chief, are the only ones left who really know the old stories. Old Chewing Black Bones is a bitter old warrior who has very little use for the White Man; he will speak with Father Mallman, with a young White man whom he has adopted as the Chief has adopted me, and with a few other Whites whom he has learned to trust, but for a strange White man to attempt to approach him would be entirely fruitless. And neither the Chief nor old Chewing can be bought.

● [861] The Chief explained that he learned the old traditional and his-

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

torical Blackfoot tales as a youngster by having the old-timers recite them to him, over and over, until he knew every word (rather in the same manner that the Rig-Veda was passed from generation to generation in India, but of course lacking the formality which attended this linguistically important ritual of the ancient Brahmin religion). The Chief said that the old-timers had been very patient and generous but that sometimes they would tease him, and he illustrated the nature of this teasing by relating an actual incident. 538 861

THE BATTLE AT SIX PERSONS

A group of us youngsters were sitting around listening to some of the old-timers tell stories. There was Looking For Smoke, Big Spring, Morning Eagle and some others. Morning Eagle was telling us about the time that a Blackfoot war party was fighting against some Crows at a place called Six Persons. The Blackfoots were doing all right for themselves until they ran out of ammunition, at which time six of them got killed. Finally Morning Eagle said, "I see plenty of ammunition around here," and he began to point to various small sticks that were lying around the ground. Then he took from his pocket a piece of milkroot that was just about the size of a bullet, and placing the milkroot in his rifle he shot it as though it were a bullet and killed a Crow. Then all the rest of the Blackfoots placed sticks in their rifles and fired them, and pretty soon they had the Crows on the run. 159 726

When Morning Eagle finished his story, he took a black handkerchief from his pocket. He said, "This black handkerchief is my gunpowder. I think I will throw it into the stove and make the stove explode." When he said that, all of us youngsters became frightened and ran outside. Those old-timers sure did laugh at us. [522]

Inevitably during the evening the conversation would return to Blackfoot religious beliefs and ceremonies, and at length the Chief stated that he would like to have a Beaver Ceremony if only he had the money to pay for the feast. The Chief is the only living "Beaver Man" (he owns the sacred Beaver Bundle, and is the only person qualified to conduct the Beaver Ceremony), and I am anxious to see the ceremony performed and so I handed him the twenty dollar bill I had in my wallet and promised to give him a like amount tomorrow if that would make enough to pay for the feast. My dough 123 796 122

55: Fisher E-5 (1962-1963) 1983 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

175 In these initial quotations from Thompson several of
181 the values of the Blood have appeared. Recognition, know-how, practicality, and the valued physique and appearance are all prominent. Related to these attributes are pride and shame.

> They have a haughtiness of character, that let their wants be what they will, they will not ask assistance from each other, it must be given voluntarily and disgrace they cannot bear, especially in public.[18]

178 It is apparent here that there are continuities from past to
181 present. In regard to Chicken Dancing, Politician, and, in another sense, in regard to Store Keeper, Cook-Baker, and in general, the rest of the rejects, a strong concern for avoiding shame manifests itself. This sense of shame or disgrace permeates the contemporary reject responses. Conversely, generosity is also a concern of the modern Blood, and in the preceding quotation we see the genesis of this attitude. Throughout the past, institutionalized generosity has characterized the successful Blood and voluntary giving continues to be important. Concern for one's pride as in the past is related to modern young Blood's desires for good pay, economic security, recognition, knowledge and experience in the prescribed task, as is avoidance of activities which might bring personal disgrace or shame.

• 861 It was indicated in Chapter III that the attitudes
[159] of the young Blood were based upon a common type of child

[86] [159] training which was characterized by the modal life history.[A] The young Blood of the past were also subject to such influences, influences preparing them for the specific problems of their environment and in the provincial terms of the early high prairie.

[855] [175] The natives of all these countries are fond of their children, they have faults like other children but are not corrected by being beat. Contempt and ridicule are the correctives employed, and they shame them, without breaking their spirit. And as they are all brought up in the open camp, the other children help in the punishment.[19]

Clearly, this is one way to build into the growing individual [178] a lively sense of shame. As indicated in the modal life history and in the discussion of the rejected I.A.'s, this sense of shame still exists. Correction by shaming and contempt can easily result in the avoidance of situations that [462] might be interpreted as status threatening. Therefore, the [562] young Blood-Blackfoot of the 1800's would avoid womanly work just as the young Blood of today shies away from indoor and other employment which would restrict his movement. One effect of this sense of shame is the following:

181 175 . . . but the Indian is very different . . . hence his whole life is in the enjoyment of his passions, desires and affections concentrated within a small circle, and in which it is often intense.[20]

[578] In this quotation can be seen the genesis of the contemporary Blood avoidance of aggression and unfriendliness and his readiness for immediate reward. The quotation also indicates that

A. [See Category 128, pp. 56-57; Category 159, pp. 57-59--Analyst]

175 to this relationship can be found today among the Canadian
078 Blackfoot groups and their bootleggers, and between the Blood
[861] and the liquor merchants of Montana. These conditions of
081 trade suggest conditions similar to those mentioned in Thompson's observations about the intensity of local affective involvement, the Indians' apparent apathy, and shame sanctions
[626] in child rearing. Again this indicates the effectiveness of community sanctions, and their limitations. Henry had more specific difficulties.

> Painted Feather's band are the most civilized, and well disposed toward us. The Cold band are notoriously a set of audacious villains. The Bloods are still worse, always inclined to mischief and murder.[25]
>
> They [the Blood] were much inclined to mischief, but . . . they retired peaceably, though our neighbors were pillaged and nearly stripped by them, on the south side.[26]

The behavior of Indian clients complicated even the business aspect of trading.

> Tedious business it is to ferry savages, for no sooner does the boat touch the shore than they rush on board pell-mell until the boat is so crowded that she grounds as the water is shoal for some distance from the shore.[27]
>
> . . . some young men were insolent to our ferryman, and one of them discharged an arrow into my neighbor's boat, but no accident happened.[28]
>
> The Slaves are the most arrant beggars I ever saw; refusing them an article is to no purpose; they plague me as long as they can get within hearing.[29]

175 These statements by Henry indicate several things which bear
181 upon the interests of the Blood today. First, of course, is
178

175 antecedents of frequent I.A.I. concerns--experience and
181 knowledge and money. Here they imply recognition and the
[626] presence or absence of shame; a condition which may be an-
[861] ticipated by ridicule and shame for misbehavior as a child.
175 Shame also applied to the opposite proposition, to when
626 Mr. Schultz went to war to protect himself and his Indian
555 friends.

> I went home and told Nat-ah'-ki the news, removed the cover of my rifle, and filled my coat pocket with cartridges. "Wait," she said, "What are you going to do?" "Why Big Lake told us to meet at his lodge," I explained. "He has some good plan, I suppose." "Yes, he is wise," she agreed, "but you are not going out to be killed by a war party. Stay here with me."
>
> "But our horses. I cannot remain here in the lodge and let the enemy run them off."
>
> "They do not matter. Let them go."
>
> "But," I said, "if I remain here, think what the people would say. They would call me a coward, they would say to you: 'Your white man has a woman's heart: why don't you make some dresses for him?'" That ended the argument.[46]

In this case it is incumbent upon Schultz to approximate the Blood-Blackfoot ideal. If he does not then his life would be shameful. "Think what the people would say," [178] he says. In this fashion the pieces of the past fall together and roughly begin to match the pattern of the present. 626 Shame relates to both what a man is and what he does. 595 Shame also relates to male-female relations.

175 273 I knew a man who always became very mischievous when he drank. He had three wives and at such times he